

The second part of

Mon. There is a thing within my bosome tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.
Hastings. Feare you not, that if we can make our peace,
Vpon such large termes, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist vpon,
Our peace shall stand as firme as rockie mountaines.

Mon. Yea but our valuation shal be such,
That euery slight, and false deriued cause,
Yea euery idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the King taste of this action,
That were our royal faiths martires in loue,
We shall be winow'd with so rough a wind,
That euen our corne shal seeme as light as chaffe,
And good from bad find no partition.

Bish. No, no, my lord, note this, the King is weary
Of daintie and such picking greeuances,
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Reuiues two greater in the heires of life:
And therefore will he wipe his tables cleane,
And keepe no tel-tale to his memorie,
That may repeate, and history his losse,
To new remembrance: for full wel he knowes,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion,
His foes are so enroote'd with his friends,
That plucking to vnfix an enemy,
He doth vnfasten so, and shake a friend,
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enragde him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holdes his infant vp,
And hangs resolu'd correction in the arme,
That was vpreard to execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted al his rods,
On late offenders, that he now doth lacke
The very instruments of chastisement.
So that his power, like to a phangleless lion,

May

Henry the f

May offer, but not hold.

Bishop. Tis very true,
And therefore be assurde, my good
If we do now make our attonement
Our peace wil like a broken limbe v
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mon. Be it so, here is returnd m

Enter Westme

West. The prince is here at hand
To meet his grace iust distance twe

Enter Prince John and

Mon. Your grace of York, in Go

Bishop. Before, and greete his gra

John. You are well incountred h

Good day to you, gentle Lord Ar

And so to you Lord Hastings, and t

My Lord of Yorke, it better shewed

When that your flocke assembled b

Encircled you, to heare with reueren

Your exposition on the holy text,

That now to see you here, an yron

Cheering a rowt of rebells with yo

Turning the word to sword, and lif

That man that sits within a monarc

And ripens in the sun-shine of his f

Would he abuse the countenance o

Alacke what mischeefes might he f

In shadow of such greatnesse? with

It is euen so, who hath not heard it f

How deepe you were within the b

To vs the speaker in his parliament

To vs th' imagine voice of God him

The very opener and intelligencer,

Betweene the grace, the sanctities o

And our dull workings? O who sh

But you misfule the reuerence of yo